



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

7/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish



"After diving into the first caldron, the second and then the third, Ivan came out a handsome young man. Tsar jumped into the boiling milk and was cooked..."

Turn to pages 15-18
to learn the story

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE SEAGULL

Based on the science fiction stories by KIR BULCHIK
Illustrated by ANATOLY DUBOVIK

Eight-year-old Alisa is on a space expedition to search for a missing ship, the Blue Seagull. While in flight, the crew receives a distress signal from the Robot Planet. The earthlings go to the planet's rescue. It turns out that a fat man in black glasses spoiled the robots' oil. A similar man had given Alisa a strange-looking turtle.



We flew another five days and then we saw the forest-covered planet. The Blue Seagull sent out its last signals from here. It was a soft landing. We left the ship. Suddenly the sky went dark. There was a whistling and howling sound. We fell to the ground. A winged lizard was diving towards us! It picked up Alisa and flew into the sky. To the chase! In the graviplane, we reached the top of the mountain in a matter of minutes.



The lizards lived somewhere here. Soon we saw a nest, with the yellow-clothed Alisa struggling in it—the lizard mistook her for his young and was

now trying to feed her. A shot frightened the lizard away, and Alisa was saved.



We set out to explore the planet. "Look!" Alisa had wandered into a field of strange flowers. Their petals were mirrors! We took a bouquet back to the ship and began to look at the petals. The images they reflected kept changing. There was the field where they grew and there... The fat man in glasses with some other people! They were walking backwards! "These flowers are movie cameras!" the cosmonauts suddenly realised. "The layers of glass slough off and it's like we're rewinding film!"



"If we take off a few layers, we'll see what happened to the Blue Seagull," Alisa observed. Suddenly... Bang! Wham! Clang!... The turtle the fat man had given Alisa turned over the bouquet and the mirrors broke.



"Grab it!" The turtle tried to bite. It made a clicking sound. Alisa pried open the shell with a screwdriver. There were batteries and microchips. The turtle was an electronic spy!

To be continued

MIKHAIL KONONOV

COUNTING STICKS

One evening Vovka was watching the television programme "Good Night, Boys and Girls." He suddenly wanted to count all the cartoon characters on the screen. He counted the cat, mouse, puppy and Cheburashka (fairytale Teddy-bear-like character). There were four. Vovka asked his father:

"How many are there? Four? Or maybe only three?"

"How many what?" his father asked, not understanding the boy's question.

"Animals." Vovka nodded towards the television. But the cat had already run away after the mouse. Vovka's papa said:

"You're already in the first form and you still don't know how to count!"

Vovka looked at the television and pouted: "You try to count them when they're running all around!"

Then the boy's papa slapped his forehead: "I forgot I bought you a present!" Out of his briefcase he pulled a transparent plastic box. "Here are some sticks for counting. I was told at the shop that they could count all by themselves. You barely have time to write down the answers!"

The next day at school the first class was mathematics. Vovka arrived early, took out his sticks and placed them in a row on his desk. They looked very pretty. The red, green and yellow sticks seemed to be saying: "One, two, three, four, five..."

Larissa Kuleshova sighed when she saw the sticks:

"No one bought me any."



Vovka gave half his sticks to Larissa. Then Generalov asked for three red sticks: "I have every colour but red," he explained. Next Vikhrov took all the green sticks. "Look how many you have," he said. "And I don't have any. It's not fair!"

When the math class began, Vovka had only three sticks left: two yellow and one purple.

"Why do you need those sticks?" asked Edik.

"To count," Vovka answered. "What about technology?" Edik gave Vovka a wink and took out a box just a little bigger than the one the sticks came in. "It's my father's," said Edik. "It counts all by itself. Press here. Don't be afraid!"

Vovka pressed the button and pulled back his hand in fright. The number "2" was lit up on the small display screen.

"Now we'll press this button for addition," said Edik. "Now we'll add three to two. It's six!"

"Five!" Vovka argued. "Not five. Six! Do you think you're smarter than technology?" Edik pointed to the calculator—the number six was flashing. Vovka was surprised.

Ludmila Vassilievna tapped on the blackboard with her pointer and announced:

"Today we're going to learn to add." The teacher drew a pretty cross on the board and said:

"This is the addition sign—a plus."

Vovka looked at the calculator and asked Edik:

"What button did you push?"

"This one," Edik said and pointed.

"It's broken!" Vovka exclaimed. "The cross is lying on its side. You can't add with a cross that looks like that!"

Edik scratched his head and put away his calculator.

Ludmila Vassilievna wrote on the board: $2 + 3 = 5$.

"Get out your sticks," she told the class. "Let's take three of them. And now another two. How many sticks do you have, Larissa?"

"A whole box," Larissa bragged.

Vovka did the entire lesson in his head: he only had three sticks, and Edik's calculator was broken.

The next day Vovka again did the lesson in his head.

"Today we're going to learn how to sub-



Illustrated
by DMITRY
BARABASH

HOW? WHY? WHAT?

GREEN TRAVELLERS

"The same kind of plants are found on islands and continents. How do their seeds travel?"

CHAMIKA PEIRIS, Sri Lanka

To find out the answer to Chamika's question, Misha's correspondent went to the Botanical Gardens and witnessed an unusual argument.

The plants were arguing about who was the best traveller. Magpie heard them talking and almost fell out of his tree:

"What boasters! Why don't you try moving from the ground first?"

"Tsk, tsk, Magpie," Maple said in a hurt voice. "You fly all over but you can't see any further than the end of your nose. You should be more observant. Have you ever seen little maple 'propellers' floating in the air? Those are my seeds. When the wind blows, it carries them along. That was how I got here from a distant park."

"How about that," a voice spoke up. It was Fig tree. "From a park indeed! I travel across the ocean and I don't brag about it. And by the way, birds love my fruit. Fig seeds travel far and wide in their stomachs. It's no wonder that I have relatives in various warm countries."

"Well," said Coconut tree standing next to Fig, "those 'tourists' sure travel in the dark. My fruit float across the oceans and seas by themselves. Their hard shell keeps out water and prevents the nuts from drying out."

Coconut and Fig trees were just about to get into a real argument when a chorus of

high-pitched voices came from the ground. "Listen to us!" the plants said and rustled their leaves. "We travel, too!" they cried, one interrupting the other.

"My spores are so light that they are carried hundreds of kilometres by the wind," squeaked Fern.

"Our seeds fly, too," Orchid and Reed piped up. "They have special wings and fringes."

"Well, our children fly with parachutes," bragged Dandelions, and then added: "For really long flights, the most daring travel on the wings of birds."

"I don't like those bird-flights," sniffed Burdock. "It's much more relaxing to travel by land. For example, on a dog's tail. Once you latch on, no one can make you get off!"

"Wonderful, wonderful," said someone prickly, who introduced himself with oriental politeness:

"Honourable arguers! My name is Tumbleweed, though some rude ones call me Camel's Thorn. But I forgive them—what do they know about life? As for myself, as soon as a hot wind blows up I roll wherever I want."

"I'm Chlorella," whispered a tiny green water plant. "People take us with them into space. I'm not bragging when I say that I am very nutritious and multiply quickly."

"Well, that's another thing altogether," interrupted wise old Oak. "I propose that we consider this meeting closed."

NINA GROZOVA

Illustrated by IGOR GONCHARUK

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



British chemists have invented an artificial ice surface for skating rinks. The new material is made of several kinds of plastics. The "ice" is very strong, long-lasting, and, most important, can be skated on even in Africa.



A five-year-old boy from Denmark, Jan Pedersen, has already made two parachute jumps from a height of 2,500 metres. The little boy jumped by himself with his father by his side.



When building their nests, starlings add fresh carrot and burdock leaves to the dried branches and moss. The substances given off by these plants keep the hatchlings from getting sick.



An ant species that lives in Greece collects mealy bug larvae. When the insects hatch, the ants "milk" them, like cows.

Illustrated by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV

MISHA'S GUEST

"Dear Misha, I am eleven years old. I love movies with horseback riding. Who are these brave riders? How can you become one of them? RAMONA RADKE, GDR."

Our guest today is a stuntman, one of the people the little German girl called a "brave rider"—Nikolai Tomashevsky.

FIRST IN THE SADDLE

Nikolai Nikolaevich, tell us about your work.

My pass to the children's and youth film studios says: "movie stunt director". For example, if they have to film a scene where a woman rider in a white dress jumps on her horse from a cliff into a river, they call me. I put on a white dress, a woman's wig and get into the saddle. Turning my face away from the camera, I jump into the river.

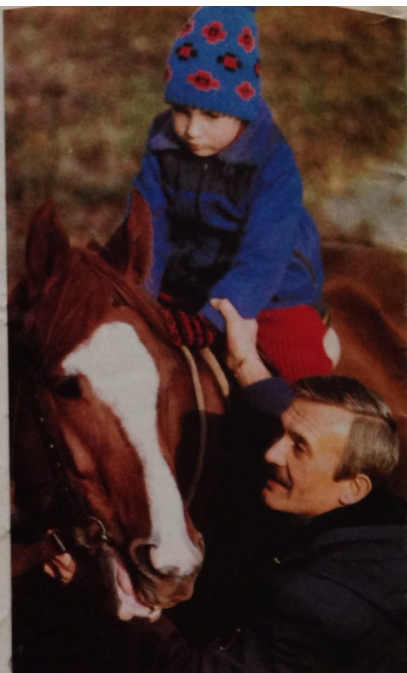
What if the horse doesn't want to jump?

Of course, it doesn't want to. And you don't want to either. It takes a lot of practice. First you ride into the river from a sloping bank, then from a low ledge, then from a higher position. That's how you gradually teach the horse and accustom yourself to jumping into the water from a high altitude. The most important thing is to think things out beforehand, to carefully test and test again, to make sure there are no unnecessary risks involved. It is during these training sessions that the horse and rider develop a relation that allows them to understand each other with the slightest gesture. They establish mutual trust and even friendship. I remember how once when we were filming a movie in the Ukraine, a mare called Alabama became so attached to me that she followed at my heels, just like a dog. One day she even followed me into the hotel.

How many movies have you been in?

About forty. I became seriously interested in working in movies when I was a schoolboy. I was asked to play the leading role in an adventure film, and there were scenes of me in a car wreck, drowning in the sea and boxing in a ring. To this day I'm proud that I did all the stunts myself.

When was the first time you sat in a saddle?



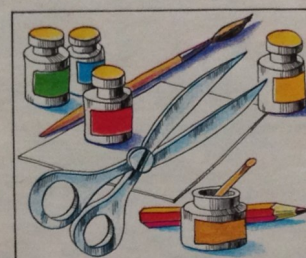
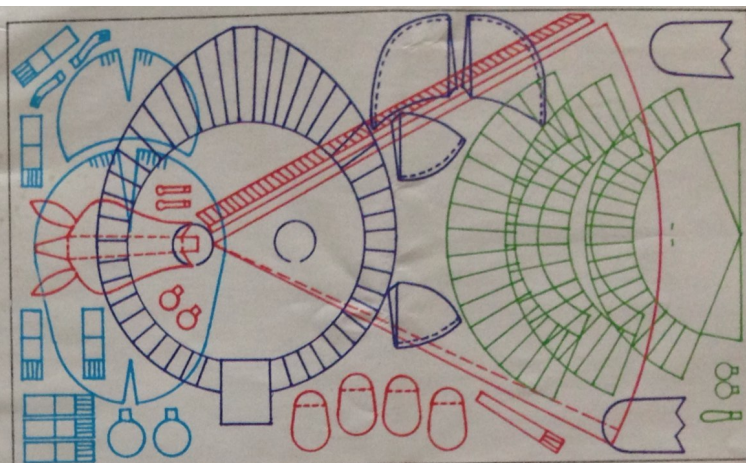
When I was twelve. "Well?" My father asked. "Great!" I said. "Like riding a bike!" By the way, children can start taking riding lessons in our country at the age of eleven—if their parents agree, of course. In those areas where horse breeding is traditional among rural dwellers, kids are already sitting comfortably in the saddle when they are four years old. If the young reader from the GDR and other kids want to take up horseback riding, I can offer this advice: ask your parents to take you to the nearest riding school.

The horses are so big. Aren't they frightening?

On the contrary, horseback riding teaches you to be brave. But no one should approach a horse without knowing the safety rules. Only an experienced trainer can teach you how to care for a horse and ride him in the arena.

Nikolai Tomashevsky with Vadim, his five-year-old son, at the hippodrome

Interview and photograph by ALEXANDER BORODIN



MAKE IT YOURSELF

Would you like to make fun toys like these? Ask your mother to trace the patterns on a sheet of white construction paper. Carefully cut out each separate piece, colour them and paste together as shown in the diagram.

ANDREI ARTIUKH,
artist and designer





WEEKEND ROBINSON CRUSOES



10



It isn't easy to be a Robinson Crusoe today: there aren't that many uninhabited islands with goats, parrots and friendly savages. Still, one fine day our flotilla of nine canoes set out for adventure along the Ugra River near Moscow. The youngest sailor was eighteen-month-old Dmitry; Dasha and Tania were two and three years old, and Alex was already going to school. As the "admiral", I was in command of the sailors who had undertaken this grand journey.

We had names for the "crews", like Little Feathers, Grasshoppers and Butterflies. "Hey, Feathers! Don't lag behind!" I would call out. Or: "Grasshoppers! Oars up!"

The commands were funny, but the family crews worked together with precision and harmony. We were going to discover our own island!

Like all great adven-

turers, we were unlucky at first. Either there were local kids playing Indians on the beach, or cows were grazing, or fishermen were sitting with their fishing poles. Then we turned a bend and there was a deserted island. The two bravest sailors—seven-year-old Alex and eight-year-old Anton—went to scout the location.

"It's uninhabited!" they reported exultantly.

"Hurrah!" the adults and children shouted in unison, and stepped out of the canoes. The next morning, in honour of our discovery, we held a festival—Neptune Day. Happy and content, we started our journey back. It was time to return home to Moscow.

ALEXEI MAMONTOV,
flotilla admiral
Photographs by the author



11

After Sindbad's ship was wrecked, he had many exciting adventures. He finally returned home, but the Baghdad merchant didn't remain there long. Soon he was off on other travels.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

Continued from No 6

Based on Arabian tales about the travels of Sindbad
Illustrated by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO

One day Sindbad's ship sailed into the harbour of an island. The merchant decided to walk in the forest, but when he returned, his ship had sailed away.



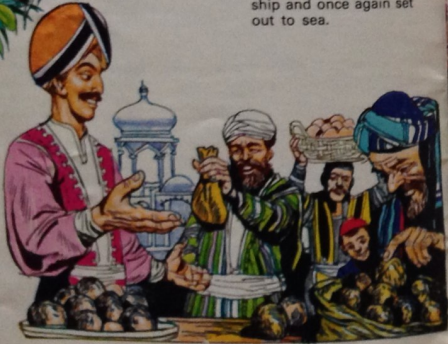
During the day people lived there, but at night monkeys attacked the city. The people fled in boats out into the sea and the monkeys took over the shops and ran around in the streets. How was Sindbad to return home? Where would he get the money for the journey? He collected two sacks of rocks and went into the forest. When he found the herd of monkeys, he began throwing stones at them.



Sindbad wandered around until he came to a strange city.

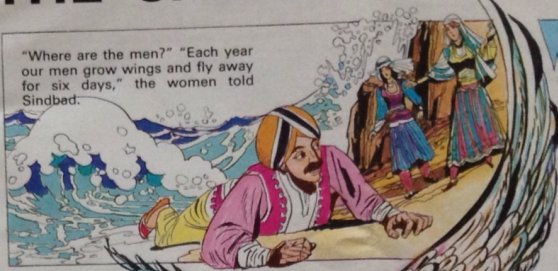


The monkeys grew angry and tossed coconuts at Sindbad. That was just what he needed! Sindbad collected the coconuts and sold them in the city for a lot of money. He hired a new ship and once again set out to sea.



On the third day out a storm came up. The ship was smashed to pieces on a rocky shore. A wave carried Sindbad ashore close to a village where only women lived.

"Where are the men?" "Each year our men grow wings and fly away for six days," the women told Sindbad.



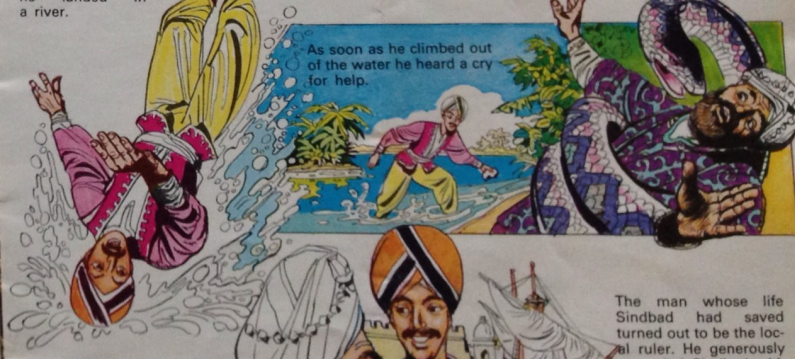
Sindbad decided to stay in the village for a year...



...so he could also fly away! He wasn't able to grow wings, but he managed to persuade one of the islanders to take him along. He was told: "As long as we are in the air, you must remain silent." Sindbad was tied to his friend with a rope, and they flew up into the sky. A minute later the clouds were floating under them. "Magnificent!" Sindbad couldn't stop himself from exclaiming. Suddenly the rope broke and Sindbad tumbled out of the sky. Fortunately, he landed in a river.



As soon as he climbed out of the water he heard a cry for help.



Sindbad saw a huge snake wrapped around a man. He grabbed a rock and struck the snake.



The man whose life Sindbad had saved turned out to be the local ruler. He generously rewarded Sindbad with a new ship and much merchandise and sent him on his way home.

To be continued



АБВГДЕЖЗИЙКЛМНОП РСТУФХЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ

Read this story. With the help of the large drawing and small drawing-pointers solve the crossword puzzle.
Today we'll take a trip to the Tushino Airport in Moscow.

LETTERS IN THE SKY

Based on a story by LEV KASSIL

Three young pilots are talking at the green Airfield. Let's listen...
"I'll fly in the first letter," says one of them, "in the low corner."
"And I'll fly in the middle of the second letter," says another PILOT (пётух, l'otch'i:k).
"As for me, I'll be in the circle of the third letter," says their friend.
What a wonderful talk, isn't it? How is it possible to fly in letters? But wait a bit! We'll see...

Today crowds of people hurry to the AIRFIELD (аэродром, aerodrom) which hosts a holiday. Hurray! We'll see an air parade. Suddenly the roar comes from above. You hardly have time to turn your head and watch a quickly disappearing high-speed jet. The PLANE (самолёт, samalo't) is not seen already, only the roar catching up with it. Then a HELICOPTER (вертолёт, v'ertalo't) appears over the airfield and hangs poised in mid-air. Its door opens to let a brave gymnast demonstrate his act as a trapeze. Meanwhile some huge planes approach the airfield dropping numerous sky-divers. They land like a magnificent multicoloured bouquet of flowers: each PARACHUTE (парашют, parashyut) is brightly coloured. Again we hear the sound of plane engines. This time three gigantic letters fly in the blue sky. Every one of them consists of thirty planes. The first letter is "M", the second "I" and the last one "P", making the well-known Russian word "МИР" (peace, mir). Now it's clear why sometimes pilots fly in letters.

Drawing by VICTOR TRINCHENKO



Take the staples out, remove the page, cut along the black lines and fold along the red lines. Then arrange the pages correctly and fasten them where necessary.

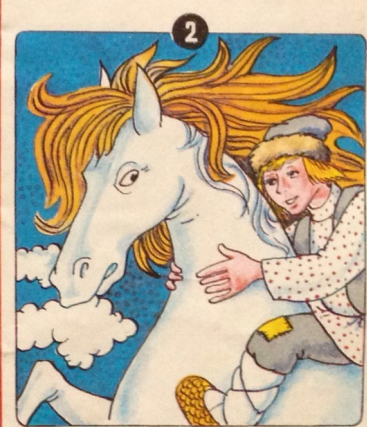
THE LITTLE HUMPBACED HORSE



In the 1800s PIOTR YERSHOV wrote a long tale in verse based on subjects from Russian folklore. To this day it is well-loved by children and adults alike. Here is an adapted version of the tale. The drawings were done by VALENTIN BOZANTSEV.



"Tomorrow we shall be wed." "First you must order three caldrons to be brought here: one with cold water, one with hot water and the third with boiling milk. Bathe in them and you will become younger." "Very well, only Ivan will bathe in them first," the tsar decided. "I shall not forsake you this time either," promised Little Humpbacked Horse.



"Let me go," Mare pleaded. "I'll give you two black gold-maned horses and one little long-eared horse with two humps that will be a faithful friend to you." The elder brothers seized the gold-maned horses and set off to town to sell the animals. "Don't you fret," Little Humpbacked Horse said to Ivan. "We'll catch up with them in a wink."



1 It all started when the old peasant discovered that someone was trampling the wheat in his field. His oldest sons failed to find the culprit but the youngest son, Ivan Dim-Wit, caught sight of a White Mare late one night and managed to jump on top of it.



14 Little Horse flicked its tail, blew into the caldrons, winned at Ivan twice, then whistled. Ivan dived into one caldron, then in another and emerged from the third a dashing young man. The tsar jumped into the boiling milk and never came out. Tsarevna and Ivan were married that day.



5 When Ivan was asleep the courtier made off with the feather and went to the tsar. "Ivan boasted that he could catch Fire Bird!" "Then have him fetch it to me," said the tsar, "or I shall have his head off!" Ivan grew sad. "Didn't I tell you not to touch the feather," said Little Horse. "Go get two troughs."



10 Back to the ocean. Lying across the water was Wondrous Whale with a whole village on his back, farmers ploughing along one lip, and little lads dancing between his eyes. "Could you find out from the Sun why I must suffer like this," Wondrous Whale asked the travellers.



3 In the distance a small flame glimmered brightly. When they rode up to it they noticed that nothing was burning and that there was no smoke. "That's a feather left behind by Fire Bird," explained Little Horse. "Leave it be, it'll bring only misfortune." But Ivan hid the feather.



12 Wondrous Whale set the ships free and immediately regained his former powers. Down to the ocean floor he went to fetch the ring. At dusk Whale hurled a heavy chest to the shore. Horse lifted the chest with his hoof and tossed it around his neck. "Here is the ring," the tsar told Tsarevna.



7 Back at the palace Ivan opened the sack and took out Fire Bird. The air was filled with its bright flame. But the evil courtier whispered to the tsar: "Ivan boasted that he could catch Tsarevna, the daughter of the Moon and sister of the Sun." So the tsar ordered Ivan to fetch Tsarevna.



8 Ivan had to fly to the ocean where he pitched a large tent on the shore and laid out dainty candies. At midday Tsarevna sailed up in a golden boat, went into the tent and began to play a psaltery. Ivan bolted into the tent, seized the maiden by her braid and leaped onto Horse.



Ivan rode to the end of the earth where the sky meets the Moon. "Weren't you the one who made off with Tsarevna?" said the Moon. "Oh, the Sun and I were so saddened by this that we hid behind fog and clouds." "Why are you making Wondrous Whale suffer so?" "He swallowed thirty ships."



The tsar asked for the maiden's hand in marriage. "First fetch me my ring from the ocean," she told him. The tsar ordered Ivan to get ring. And the maiden told Ivan to stop off and visit the Sun and the Moon.

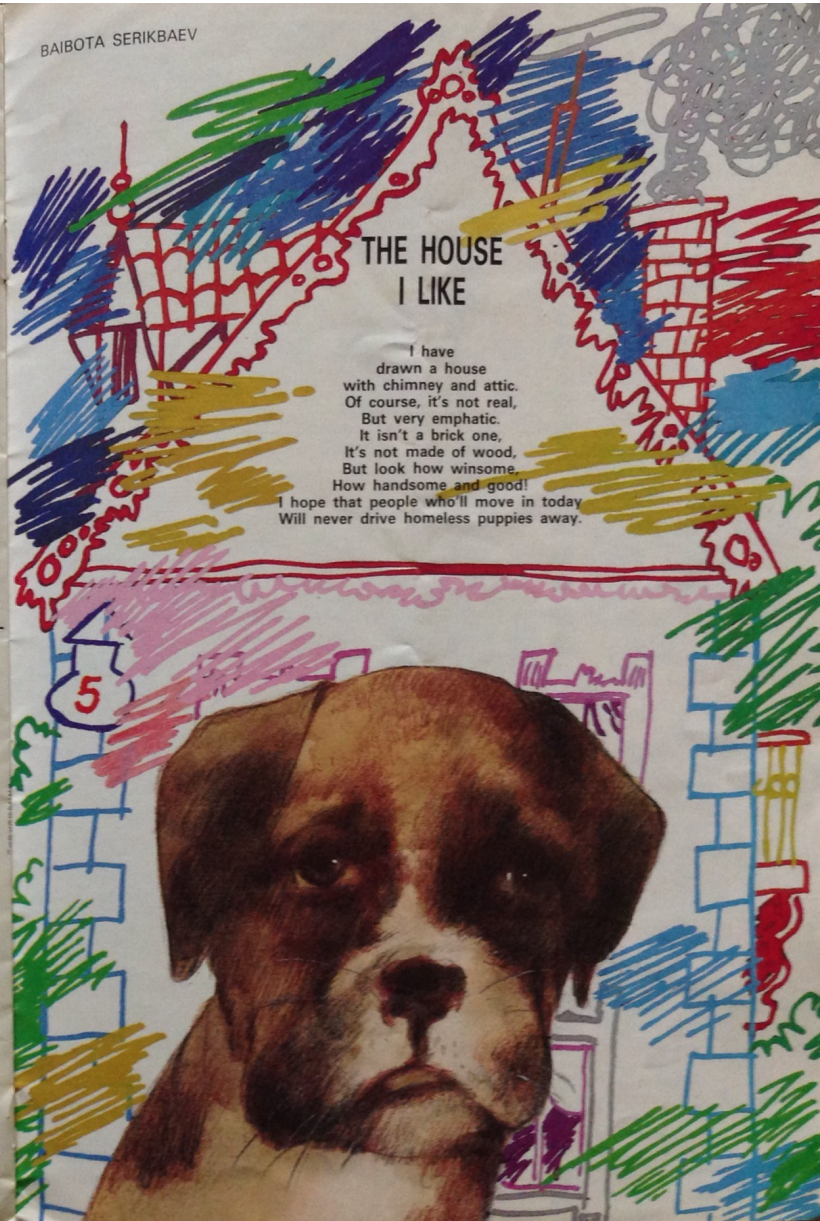


Ivan caught up with his brothers and shamed them for their sneakiness. The tsar bought the horses and hired Ivan to look after them. A courtier saw Ivan hiding the feather.



Little Horse bore Ivan like the wind to a silver mountain. Ivan filled one of the troughs with millet and wine, as he was instructed by Horse, and then hid under the other trough. A flock of Fire Birds flew down and began to peck at the millet. Ivan grabbed one by the tail.

BAIBOTA SERIKBAEV

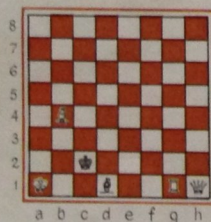


THE HOUSE I LIKE

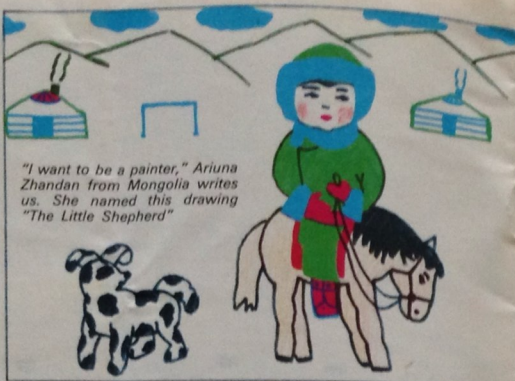
I have drawn a house with chimney and attic. Of course, it's not real, But very emphatic. It isn't a brick one, It's not made of wood, But look how winsome, How handsome and good! I hope that people who'll move in today Will never drive homeless puppies away.

SOLVING TWO-MOVERS

Two-movers are such chess problems in which White begins and mates in two moves. This is not so easy as it may seem at first sight. So, we invite you to rack your brains over the first two-mover opening up a series of such problems on the pages of **Misha** magazine.



Solution: 1. Rg4!



"I want to be a painter," Ariuna Zhandan from Mongolia writes us. She named this drawing "The Little Shepherd"

A MODERN-DAY PRINCESS

Little Natalie was playing make-believe and wanted to be a princess. But how? The days of kings and kingdoms were long gone. Natalie had a pet guinea pig named Krümel, a parrot named Jacki, a bunny named Hoppel, a mouse named Kati and a darling dog named Pfiffi. So Natalie decided to crown herself princess of the menagerie!

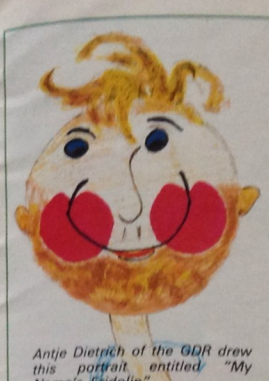
BIANCA OENIGK, GDR



Hello **MISHA**!

My name's Kamen and I'm from Bulgaria. I collect pins, coins and postcards. I also like to take photographs. I have a sister, Boriana. We would like to make friends with kids from other countries.

Write to us at this address: Boriana and Kamen Velkovski; 105 Liulin, apt. 83, Sofia, 1324, Bulgaria



Antje Dietrich of the GDR drew this portrait entitled "My Name's Pfidolin"

A RAINCLOUD

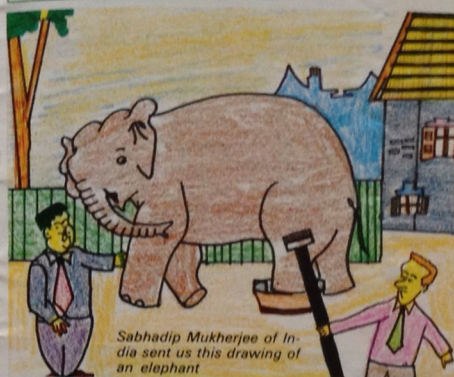
Like a parcel sent by post,
Greyish-purple—what a sight!
Came a rain cloud, huge and moist,
Occupying half the sky.
Winds have brought
this precious parcel
Made of thunderclaps and rain
For the flowers, trees and grasses
From Grey Ocean's domain.

LAJJA PANCHAL, India



MISHA'S MAILBAG

Our address:
8, Ul. Moskvina,
Moscow, 103772, USSR



Sabbadip Mukherjee of India sent us this drawing of an elephant



Lines from Letters

A friend of mine happened to show me a copy of **Misha** and I liked it so much I decided to study Russian. I now know several words. My name's Martha Navarro Vaca and I live in Equador. I would love to get to know some Russian kids and find out what they like to do, what they play and study and what they want to be when they grow up.

My name is Péter-Daniel Szántó. I live in Romania and am in the second form.

I want to thank **Misha** for helping me to read back when I was in kindergarten.



"Sunset", Dilshan de Mel, Sri Lanka

MEANIES

An Ukrainian folk-tale
Illustrated by LEVON KHACHATRIAN



A poor man worked day and night but still could not feed his children properly. One holiday he played his fiddle and the children danced.



Suddenly a group of ugly little creatures began jiggling in front of him. "They must be meanies," thought the poor man. "They're the ones who ruin

my wheat and let pigs trample my garden." The fiddle fell silent and the meanies scurried under the stove to hide.



"Isn't it a little cramped under there?" the poor man asked them. "It doesn't bother us," squeaked the meanies. "We can accommodate ourselves anywhere you want." "Even in this little horn



here." "Of course!" The poor man held the horn a bit lower and in no time at all heard the meanies calling out: "Here we are, simple as 1-2-3!"



A rich neighbour grew jealous of this man and came to find out what had changed his life. He was told about the meanies and the mill. So he unplug-



The old man stopped up the horn, brought it down to an abandoned flour mill and put it under a grindstone. After that he began to live a carefree life.



ged the horn and told the meanies: "Your master misses you."



The meanies squeaked in reply: "That wicked man almost killed us. We should go live with you. You were nice enough to set us free." And so they



latched onto the rich man and went to his home where they hid in cracks and didn't come out. And the jealous rich man became wretchedly poor.

THE ROOK—A SPRINGTIME BIRD

suddenly another bird appeared at the nest and several yellow beaks poked out from underneath the mother's feathers. Each of the babies opened its mouth for a portion of the food their father had brought home. My arms and legs grew numb from sitting still so I climbed down from the tower.

After that I would watch the rook family every day. For more than a week the mother rook did not leave the nest, she would warm her weak and featherless babies. Gradually the little ones matured and grew feathers and one day I noticed that the nest was empty. A flock of rooks flew high above the trees.

NINA VIKTOROVA

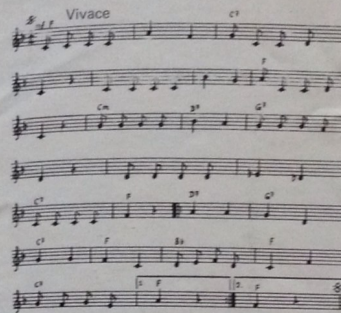
This story was told to me by a forest ranger I know.

Early one spring a flock of rooks arrived in the woods nearby. During the day the clamorous birds would fly above the meadows and fields and at night they would rest on the tops of trees. Soon the rooks started to build nests. Once I took out my field glasses, went up the ranger's tower near our home and tried to see what was going on in their nests. All I saw was a black mother rook. "Well, it looks like the young ones haven't hatched yet," I thought and was about to climb down when

Photograph by GEORGI SMIRNOV

OF THINGS THAT GO TOGETHER

Music by BORIS SAVELIEV
Lyrics by MIKHAIL PLIATSKOVSKY



If there is a river, there will be a wave,
If there is tomorrow, there will be today,
If there is a camp-fire, there will be a smoke,
If there is a country, there will be a folk.

That's for certain, that's for certain:
If there is a camp-fire, there will be a smoke,
That's for certain, that's for certain:
If there is a country, there will be a folk.

Oceans go with pirates, roses go with thorns,
Soldiers go with gunshots, milking cows with horns,
Windows with the glass panes, fighting with the bumps,
Deserts with the sand-dunes, camels go with humps.

That's for certain, that's for certain:
Windows with the glass panes, fighting with the bumps,
That's for certain, that's for certain:
Deserts with the sand-dunes, camels with the humps.

Downpours go with rain-clouds,
reason goes with rhyme,
Mothers with the children, watches go with time;
Forests go with mushrooms, friendship with a friend.
Things that go together—do they ever end?

That's for certain, that's for certain—
Mothers with the children, friendship with a friend;
That's for certain, that's for certain,
That's for certain—such things never end.



SPORTS MAZE

Created and drawn
by YELENA SADOVNIKOVA



If you play sports you know how hard it is to score a goal in football, hockey or rugby. Even in basketball it's not that easy to sink a basket. Well, here's a game I think you'll all enjoy.

To play you'll need four different coloured chips and one die. You can play in fours or twos (for twos each player has two chips).

The object of the game is to move the chips from the players (basketball, hockey, football) to the corresponding goal. The first player throws the die to see how

many squares to move forward. The colour of the square the chip lands on determines what player will go next. When crossing the maze each player must land on squares with his or her number. The first to complete the maze and score a goal is declared the winner.

Drawing
by IGOR NOVIKOV



ALEXANDER KURLANDSKY and ARKADY KHAIT
Drawings by SVETLOZAR RUSAKOV

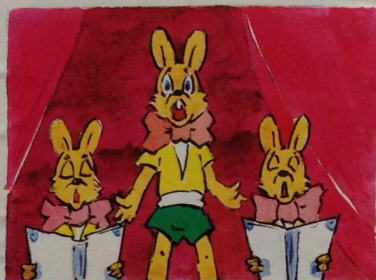
Continued
from No. 4



JUST YOU WAIT!

Wolf ran into Hare again at a concert. "Would you please give a big hand to the Bunny Boys' Chorus!" Hare was saying to the audience. He looked around and who did he see but Wolf!

Chorus!" Hare was saying to the audience. He looked around and who did he see but Wolf!



Hare hid among the chorus singers. Wolf was thrown for a loop. Which one was the "real" Hare? Can't tell by the tail. What if I yank one. "Yikes!"

screeched Bunny Soloist in fright. "Yikes ho the dairy!" the chorus sang.



"Whoops, not that one," said Wolf. "How about this one?" But suddenly someone yanked Wolf's tail. "Must be Hare!"



But it was Hippo! Watch out! Wolf tippy-toed away and began dancing with some chicken ballerinas.



And danced his way to Hare, whom he tossed into the air like a ballerina.



But Hare grabbed onto a pipe. He didn't want to fall into Wolf's clutches. "Drats, Hare... I'll get you ... Just you wait!"

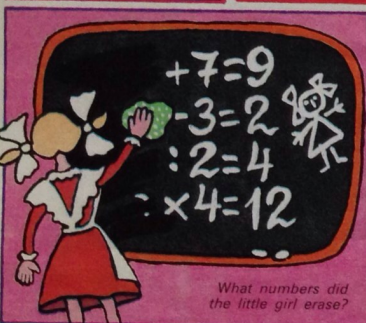
To be continued
29



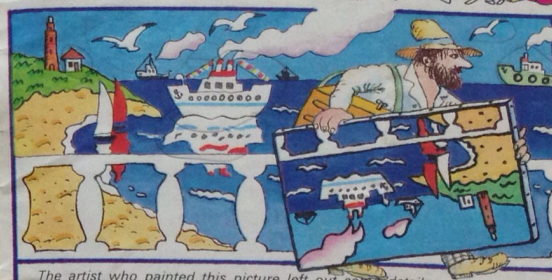
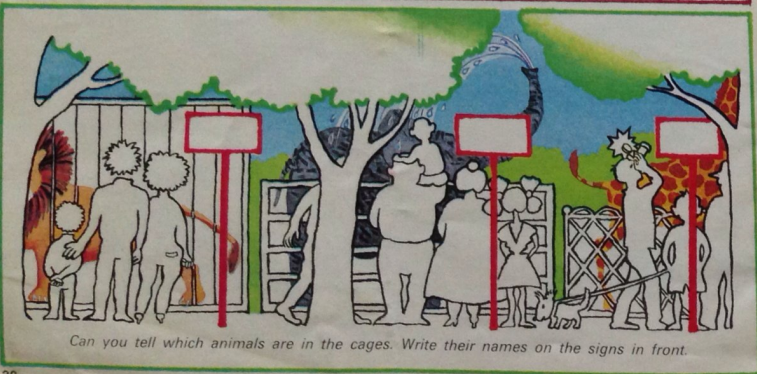
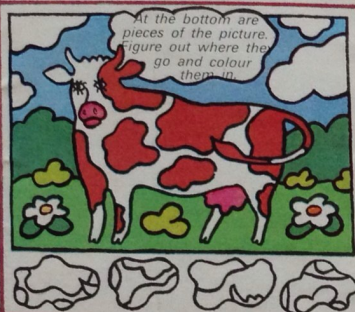
Drawings by VLADISLAV GUZNER



Which of the riders is No. 1?



What numbers did the little girl erase?



The artist who painted this picture left out some details. Can you put in what he forgot?



MISHA
Children's
Illustrated
Monthly

Published
by SOVIET UNION
magazine

Editor-in-Chief:
NIKOLAI GRIBACHEV

Founded in July 1983

Managing Editor:
MIKHAIL SHPAGIN

Chief Artist:
VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

This issue was prepared
with the help of
NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV

Editorial Office:
8, Ulitsa Moskva,
Moscow, 103772, USSR
Printed at the Pravda
Printing Plant.

We request due
acknowledgement
of anything reprinted
or reproduced
from the magazine

Front cover:
Drawing
by V. ROZANTSEV
Back cover:
The Parenenka
Ensemble in
performance.
The young dancers
live in Shakhly,
Rostov Region,
Soviet Union.
Photograph
by M. ZHMLUKIN

Index 72848



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

7/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish



Scanned by CamScanner